

[illegible]

—which the citizens and services of only your most distinguished constituents—when you have done this, the same devotion to your country, which prompted you to give up your armistice for the last one, will send you—like the Star in the East, to the Kings of Ashkenaz.—Richard Field.

—

THE ELECTION.

The execution of E. P. Foster for the murder of Cooper, Walker, took place at Germantown (Richmond County), yesterday. The criminal was conveyed from the prison to the gallows, clad in his shabby dress, his address, from under the prison, he made an direct confession of his crime, he said that if he had committed the act, for which he was about to forfeit his life, was unconscious of it; he could not say that he was guilty, neither could he say he was charged. If he was conscious of his guilt, he thought he would be interested [?] He also reminded the jury of his multitude, (consisting of between 5,000 and 3,000 persons) for the ordinary life, warned them to spare the innocent young men, and attributed his present situation, as a malefactor under the gallows to the donors. *Wm!* During the trial of some pious individuals, (the minister of the gospel, being present.) Foster bore every shock against prayer and holy thought, and appeared in a boiling rage. Although God is here every man

When completed, attempted to induce the spectators a second time, but only succeeded in saying that he did not fear death, and hoped he was prepared to see his God. He then bid a number of the spectators a final adieu by "shaking hands," whereupon he was released into eternity.

The body remained suspended about half an hour, when it was taken down and delivered to the friends and relatives of this unfortunate man, to be interred in Davidson, his native country.—*Chicago Gazette, 27th ult.*

—

Wire Bridge at Milwaukee.—This is a new, yet beautiful structure, which is being rapidly and will be ready for use early in the Spring. The bridge itself will be composed of wood, supported by steel cables. The cables, consisting of about 200 wires each, are stretched from the abutments on each side of the river.

The columns 10 feet high. These columns stand on the top of the abutments and the cables are secured on the concrete side to the solid rock and on the western side to large blocks of granite above the cableways. The cables, as they pass the top of the columns, run over two cables which yield a little to the action of the bridge needs relief.

The distance from the granite columns to the center of the span of the tunnel arch formed by the cables is about 100 feet. The curves of concrete will be very beautiful. The bridge itself need not be horizontal line, from abutment to abutment, cutting the curve at its base. It will be twenty-six feet wide, allow some space for the carriage way, and the cables on each side of concrete width. The bridge is simply a platform with millgates made light and graceful. It will hang from the cables by wire ropes, neatly tensioned. The whole structure will combine beauty, strength, durability, and flexibility can never reach it, and the cables are

and work is shown he made with the utmost ease.—*Philadelphia American*.

An *Ancient Printing Press*.—The Newport, R. I. Market, in showing the development of Franklin's press, has but since has an old printing press of great historic antiquity. It formerly belonged to James Franklin, with whom the Boston Franklin served his apprenticeship, and was probably brought to the former Newport on his removal from Boston, about the year 1720.

Woolen Weaving—continued.—*Manchester* has long been famous for its woollen manufactures. It is in a serious competition with France to be made of combs of Paris, and to flow with a small museum of French lace, enough to color the market. It is qualified in the French market, and of the whole thirty nations, with the most famous are before the eyes. It will be



Charlotte:

Thursday, December 22, 1841.

THREEMEN, LOOK AT THIS!

Some time since the Tennessee Senate agreed with the House, to go into an election in convention for United States Senators. In this Senate, there are twelve Whigs and thirteen Locos. For awhile the majority refused to agree to any day for the election; at last Mr. Turner, the Speaker, said that he would thwart the election no longer, (remember Mr. Turner is a Loco) at this announcement, his brother Loco looked daggers at him. Accordingly, on a motion to go into an election, Mr. Turner voted with the twelve Whigs, and thereby carried it. But we wish you to observe the selfish and destructive course of the Loco—not one of them voted either for or against the motion, when their names were called they were perfectly silent. When the day came on which had been designated for the election, the twelve Loco absented themselves from the hall, and effectually prevented the senatorial election. In an election of this kind two thirds of each House must be present to constitute a valid election. Does this not show to every man, the want of principle which ever has characterized that party? Here we see them setting aside the solemn obligations of an oath, and trampling upon the will of the majority of the people of the state, to subvert their unholy purposes. In every state where they have had the power of "check voting," they have exercised it. We call upon every citizen, we care not what he is, to seriously examine such conduct in a party, and see what must be the result. If such a line of policy is tolerated and adopted as a rule of action, must it not finally subvert the wisdom of the people? Must it not ultimately make the minority rule the majority? If any party question be excited among the people, the minority can by this weapon of silence prevent its adoption by the legislature, in spite of the will of the majority of the people. It most overthrow genuine republicanism, and end in the subversion of every principle of true democracy.

MELANCHOLY ACCIDENT.

Two interesting youths, the sons of Mr. Jonathan Reid of this county, were drowned on Friday last, while attempting to cross McAlpine Creek in Providence. The eldest, a youth of much promise had been for some time attending the Classical school of the Rev. Cyrus Johnson, near Providence church, where he had nearly completed his course, preparatory to entering College. The evening previous to this melancholy accident, the younger brother had home for the purpose of returning the next day, with his elder brother. The next morning the creek was greatly swollen by the rain, which fell the night before. It is supposed that the two brothers came to the creek and attempted to cross it, but owing to the rapidity of the current, they were swept below the ford, and from some cause thrown from their horses. The horses came up to Dr. Watson's, on with the reins of the bridge upon his neck, the other with them hanging down like he had been led. The appearance of the horses excited some alarm. Some persons going to the creek, discovered the hats of the unfortunate youths. The people of the neighborhood immediately turned out and commenced a search for the bodies, and on Saturday evening, the body of the eldest was found. On Monday last the body of the other was also found.

The following from the Register, we commend to every Whig: "Remember the days of darkness, when scarcely a ray of hope illuminated our path. And yet we rallied then. In the face of overwhelming odds, we buckled on our armor, and did gallant little for our suffering country. And in due time, we were gloriously rewarded. But because things have not gone so exactly to suit us—because we have been disappointed in our just expectations, we are disposed to flinch back and neglect our duty. Is this right? Is it manly? Is it patriotic? Say, we have been betrayed! Is this any reason, why we should betray ourselves, and forego the advantages of our position? We do not struggle for John Tyler, or against him. We battle for the right, for truth, for justice, for ourselves, for our country. Let not the misdeeds of a faithless Agent deter us from our duty; the path is plain, and if we lose sight of it, we are false to principle and false to ourselves. Our cause is still the same. Despite the traitor or if we will, let us not seem to leave the treason by playing into the hands of our adversary. Prepare then for action. Let every Whig do his duty, and soon will the agonizing exaltation of the Loco Foe be turned into lamentations that will excite pity in the bosom of every humane Whig!"

Nothing has been done of consequence except the appointment of Committees. About Washington all seem quiet, except Blair and Benton who are in a terrible rage against "Captain Tyler and his message." Good sign that. Cheer up Whigs, something good will come out of Nazareth yet. The following are the Committees of the House:

Committee on Elections.—Messrs. Halsted, Blair, Corwin, Benjamin Randall, Benton, Bartles, Turley, Houston, and Reynolds.

Committee on Ways and Means.—Messrs. F. M. Smith, Samuel Mason, Walker, T. F. Marshall, J. R. Ingersoll, J. W. Jones, Atchison, and Lewis.

Committee on Claims.—Messrs. Giddings, Osborn, Corwin, Tomlinson, Arnold, Hubert, Barks, J. W. Williams, and Mallin.

Committee on Commerce.—Messrs. Kennedy, Withers, Toland, J. C. Clark, Rayner, Allen, A. J. Andrews, T. W. Gilman, and Porter.

Committee on Public Lands.—Messrs. Morrow, Lewis Williams, Truman Smith, Gentry, Brown, Howard, Casey, Brewster, and Jacob Thompson.

Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.—Messrs. Briggs, Joseph L. Williams, Russell, Broadway, Orville, Hopkins, Andrew Kennedy, John O. Floyd, and Plumer.

Committee for the District of Columbia.—Messrs. Underwood, Sumner, Alexander, Kendall, Powell, Richard W. Thompson, John Campbell, Ward, Dawson, and Bissell.

Committee on the Judiciary.—Messrs. Burwell, Trumbull, Powell, Maxwell, Thomas F. Ford, Milton Brown, Chas. J. Ingersoll, Russell, and Standen.

Committee on Revolutionary Claims.—Messrs. Hall, F. G. Good, Triphitt, Thomas J. Campbell, Maynard, Washington, James, Pennington, and W. O. Gales.

Committee on Public Repudiation.—Messrs. Shapell, Linn, Hobson, John T. Stuart, Marshall, Gales, Clinton, Lathrop, and McChesney.

Committee on Private Land Claims.—Messrs. Moore, A. H. H. Stuart, John Young, Wm. C. Johnson, E. D. Davis, Green, Taylor, Payne, and Charles Brown.

Committee on Manufactures.—Messrs. Saltonstall, Tillingham, Randolph, Bled, Hunt, Henry, Habschbach, Aaron P. Brown, and P. C. Caldwell.

Committee on Agriculture.—Messrs. Dabney, Ridgely, Simpson, Matheba, Doug, Shaw, Edwards, Partridge, and John Hastings.

Committee on Indian Affairs.—Messrs. Cooper, Cantrich, Childsden, Sellers, W. Butler, Waterman, Harris, Waller, and John C. Edwards.

Committee on Military Affairs.—Messrs. Stanly, Pennington, Goggin, William B. Campbell, Stanley, Wm. O. Butler, Sumner, Miller, and J. T. Moore.

Committee on the Militia.—Messrs. Keith, Cole, Ward, Boyd, H. B. Butler, Basing, Alfred Marshall, Brewster, and Houston.

Committee on Naval Affairs.—Messrs. Ward, King, Calhoun, John C. Clark, Russell, Fagan, Gresham, Mallory, and Clifford.

Committee on Foreign Affairs.—Messrs. J. Q. Adams, Condit, Everett, W. C. Johnson, Gresham, Gilmer, Wilson, Russell, and Powell.

Committee on the Territories.—Messrs. Pope, Christopher H. Williams, Garret Davis, Sellers, Gales, Green, Caldwell, Hays, Dean, and Chas. A. Floyd.

Committee on Revolutionary Pensions.—Messrs. Talbot, Rufus, Rufus, Blay N. Clark, Mathis, L. W. Andrews, Babcock, Matthews, Pennington, and Wm. Smith.

Committee on Internal Revenue.—Messrs. Barks, Ayres, Baker, Gordon, Stratton, Isaac D. Jones, Dean, Sanford, and Augustus Young.

Committee on Roads and Canals.—Messrs. Lawrence, Lane, John B. Thompson, W. W. Jones, Sprigg, Russell, Wood, Daniel, and Riggs.

Committee on Patents.—Messrs. R. McChesney, Griffin, Gerry, Ramsey, and Ed Sanford.

Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.—Messrs. Burwell, Ward, Augustus Young, Cameron, and Brewster.

Committee on Pensions and Unpaid Bounties.—Messrs. Eastman, Bacon, C. A. Floyd, Jack, and Mallock.

Committee on Annuities.—Messrs. Marchand, York, Camp, Stanley N. Clark, and Joseph L. Williams.

Committee on Military.—Messrs. Thomas W. Williams, Robertson, John C. Edwards, Ward, and Robert.

Committee on the Library in the part of the House.—Messrs. Tillingham, Ayres, and Standen.

CONGRESS.

The Washington correspondent of the United States Gazette, gives it as a current rumor, that a disagreement has taken place between the President and a portion of his cabinet relative to the measures to be proposed to Congress, in consequence of which Mr. Webster, and perhaps another of the heads of department, were about to resign.

Division of Treasurer.—The subject of separating East from West Tennessee, is agitated in that State. "A member of Congress," writing in the Knoxville Register, strongly recommends forming a distinct independent state of East Tennessee, to be called the "State of Frankland."

The Madisonian calls the Whigs—"the Effigy President." Well, Captain Tyler is the "Effigy President"—or, which is the same thing, the Effigy of a President.—Richmond Whig.

The Chinese language has nearly 40,000 characters or letters. The Chinese are eminent for agriculture and once every year the Emperor ploughs a piece of land himself in presence of his people.

General Duff Green is at last in luck.—He has gone to England, as bearer of dispatches.

MARRIED.
In this county, on the 9th instant, by the Rev. Jas. Caldwell, Mr. CHARLES T. MEANS, to Miss STEVEN S. daughter of the late Alexander Robinson.

In Lafayette, Ga., lately, Mr. CHARLES G. MAPPER, to Miss CORNELIA D. daughter of the late Hugh McDowell of this county.

DEPARTURE.
A MOST DISTRESSING CALAMITY.
Died, in this county, by drowning, on Friday, the 17th instant, JOHN McD. REID, in the 18th year of his age; and his youngest brother, WM. W. REID, in the 16th year of his age, sons of Mr. Jonathan Reid of Steel Creek.

This very afflictive calamity took place under the following circumstances. John has been pursuing a course of classical education at New York Academy, under the direction of the Rev. Cyrus Johnston for the last two years. His brother William came down to Providence on Thursday the 16th instant, with a horse for John to return home during the recess at Christmas. But the inclement rains on that evening, and other circumstances, prevented their return on that day. On the morning of the 17th, they set out from Providence for home, "their return being contrary to their uniform practice of going by the bridge when the creek was fresh, and contrary to express determination made that morning of going by the way of the bridge, they attempted crossing McAlpine's creek at Mrs. Boyce's ford. But the attempt proved fatal to both. The particulars connected with their distressing and untimely end, cannot be stated; as no human being was seen in view. The presumption is, that John had crossed in safety, but that his younger brother, in the attempt to cross, becoming endangered, John, who would swim well, rushed in again to his assistance; and thus both were lost. Some hours had passed away, when an alarm was excited in the neighborhood by a discovery of the horses on which they rode. Diligent search was made for their bodies, and on the 18th, about 64 hours after the fatal catastrophe, that of John was raised from the channel of the creek, some 300 or 400 yards below the ford. Most diligent search was kept up, but the body of William was not found until the 20th.

Thus, by a mysterious providence, the hearts of parents are made to bleed at every pore; and society at one dash becomes deprived of two most interesting youths.

John was prepared for college, which he was expected by his first examina to enter next Spring. During his stay at Providence Academy of two years, his conduct had been uniformly respectful, studious and attentive—and in point of morals as good as high that he was above suspicion.

His brother, equally upright in his deportment, and thought to be even more talented, expected to become a member of the Academy on the 1st of January next.

But they are both gone. How the hearts of their parents would wring with grief and grief in hearing the sad tidings! How solemn the warning from all by their departure! Through this providence as well as by his word, God is saying to all the youth of the land, "Be ye also ready, for in such an hour as ye think not, the Son of Man cometh."

The voice of this alarming doom,
Let every heart obey!
Not be the heavenly warning vain,
Which calls to watch and pray!"

Fine Mare and Hack
FOR SALE.
Enquire of H. D. RAYMOND, on the subject.
Caldwell, Dec. 21, 1841.

Probably no Member of either House of Congress has done so to shield the present Session who has been so long and so long in the House of Representatives, as Mr. Lewis, of Alabama, who yesterday made a conclusive and welcome relation of the report of his death, which originated in a Georgia paper a week or two ago, and became the subject of much general regret. We distributed the rumor from the first, because of the indirectness of the channel through which it was received, and therefore gave no currency to it. It was very generally credited, however, both here and elsewhere, until within a day or two doubt had been cast upon it.—Nat. Int.

Mr. Atkinson, in the House a few days since, offered a resolution for the appointment of a Committee to make some general investigation into the Banks. Mr. Lyman moved in amendment, by requiring the Committee to designate some day, when the Banks should resume. This amendment was voted down by the Locos.—R. Whig.

YET ANOTHER SLAVE CASE.
Two colored women and a colored boy were brought before Judge Wilde, at Boston, on Saturday the 27th ultimo, upon habeas corpus. The vessel to which they belong is owned in Newbern, in this State, and the two women are slaves to the owner. On examination they said they had arrived and children in Newbern, and would rather go back slaves than remain free at the North. The boy was proved to be an apprentice to the master of the vessel—of course not a slave. All three were discharged, and the writ dismissed. It was sued out by David Ruggles, a colored man of New Bedford, where the vessel arrived.—Rel. Reg.

To show you its style and taste, we append the following, which we call a patent editorial. By the by Peter, don't you think it would be a valuable instrument in the hands of a neighbor of ours! What, Maj. Fergus the next what "fights and slews?" Exactly so Peter.

THE HAPPY MAN.
About three miles south of Gobbler's Hall lives an individual in a state perfectly happy. From the road may be seen a house built about fifteen feet high, propped all around with posts and fence rails to prevent the wind from blowing it over; one half of the top remains uncovered, wisely left so to admit the warming beams of the sun upon the inmates; the chimney is so constructed as to admit of being used as a door or as a place for the fire. There lives The Happy Man. The artificial wants of mankind he has nobly cast aside, and only obeys the laws of his nature. Unlike the proud and haughty, the wealthy and luxurious, who wear shoes and boots in winter, and calfskin pumps in summer, he goes barefoot! Neither does he disgrace, like the modern slave of fashion, that more elevated part of man by drawing over it the filthy hairs of minkskin or beaver, making it thereby appear like a great mushroom turned upside down! No, but boldly he holds it up to the storm, and valiantly braves the wind, rain and snow. Nor yet does he deform himself by wearing that unnecessary piece of covering called a coat; he deforms and that majestic form with such trimmings, for he believes not in the saying, that "the apparel oft bespeaks the man," for from it; indeed he has been heard to say that expression no doubt was coined, long before the poet existed by some tailor or milliner to deceive the ignorant and credulous, and thereby help himself as the case may be to the good things of this world. We say he wears no coat, but in lieu thereof he wraps across his shoulders the remains of what once entered into a garment of that kind, made for the young and elegant Mr. Shimperton, the brother of that unfortunate young man, who lost his life by the bursting of his strap button! In due time, from the effects of age and attacks of moths, this coat from sundry apertures, at divers points and places, began to permit a rather too free circulation of air around the body of Mr. Shimperton for his comfort; so the old coat was hung up in the garret to rest in peace. There in the silence of dirt and dust it swung for years until accident called it into use. One cold frosty morning an affray took place in the yard between the goose, ducks and dogs, which ended in the breaking of a leg belonging to a certain old drake; this accident occasioned a tremendous uproar among the combatants; the ganders quarrelled, the ducks quacked, and the dogs barked to the annoyance of all discreet and honest people. Old Mrs. Shimperton (couldn't she make the finest apple dumplings!) sallied out and discovered the damage committed upon her drake; seizing it she entered the house to procure bandages and splints. Then like a true surgeon she bound up the limb and enveloped the drake in this same old coat to keep him warm, but unluckily, she kept him so warm that he died before morning. Next day the coat was thrown over the garden fence. The Happy Man happened to pass by beheld it lying there; being of a careful and saving disposition, he immediately drew it around him thinking innocently, no doubt, that by-and-by it would make most excellent bedding for the cats and dogs!

The following from the Register, we commend to every Whig: "Remember the days of darkness, when scarcely a ray of hope illuminated our path. And yet we rallied then. In the face of overwhelming odds, we buckled on our armor, and did gallant little for our suffering country. And in due time, we were gloriously rewarded. But because things have not gone so exactly to suit us—because we have been disappointed in our just expectations, we are disposed to flinch back and neglect our duty. Is this right? Is it manly? Is it patriotic? Say, we have been betrayed! Is this any reason, why we should betray ourselves, and forego the advantages of our position? We do not struggle for John Tyler, or against him. We battle for the right, for truth, for justice, for ourselves, for our country. Let not the misdeeds of a faithless Agent deter us from our duty; the path is plain, and if we lose sight of it, we are false to principle and false to ourselves. Our cause is still the same. Despite the traitor or if we will, let us not seem to leave the treason by playing into the hands of our adversary. Prepare then for action. Let every Whig do his duty, and soon will the agonizing exaltation of the Loco Foe be turned into lamentations that will excite pity in the bosom of every humane Whig!"

CONGRESS.

Nothing has been done of consequence except the appointment of Committees. About Washington all seem quiet, except Blair and Benton who are in a terrible rage against "Captain Tyler and his message." Good sign that. Cheer up Whigs, something good will come out of Nazareth yet. The following are the Committees of the House:

Committee on Elections.—Messrs. Halsted, Blair, Corwin, Benjamin Randall, Benton, Bartles, Turley, Houston, and Reynolds.

Committee on Ways and Means.—Messrs. F. M. Smith, Samuel Mason, Walker, T. F. Marshall, J. R. Ingersoll, J. W. Jones, Atchison, and Lewis.

Committee on Claims.—Messrs. Giddings, Osborn, Corwin, Tomlinson, Arnold, Hubert, Barks, J. W. Williams, and Mallin.

Committee on Commerce.—Messrs. Kennedy, Withers, Toland, J. C. Clark, Rayner, Allen, A. J. Andrews, T. W. Gilman, and Porter.

Committee on Public Lands.—Messrs. Morrow, Lewis Williams, Truman Smith, Gentry, Brown, Howard, Casey, Brewster, and Jacob Thompson.

Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.—Messrs. Briggs, Joseph L. Williams, Russell, Broadway, Orville, Hopkins, Andrew Kennedy, John O. Floyd, and Plumer.

Committee for the District of Columbia.—Messrs. Underwood, Sumner, Alexander, Kendall, Powell, Richard W. Thompson, John Campbell, Ward, Dawson, and Bissell.

Committee on the Judiciary.—Messrs. Burwell, Trumbull, Powell, Maxwell, Thomas F. Ford, Milton Brown, Chas. J. Ingersoll, Russell, and Standen.

Committee on Revolutionary Claims.—Messrs. Hall, F. G. Good, Triphitt, Thomas J. Campbell, Maynard, Washington, James, Pennington, and W. O. Gales.

Committee on Public Repudiation.—Messrs. Shapell, Linn, Hobson, John T. Stuart, Marshall, Gales, Clinton, Lathrop, and McChesney.

Committee on Private Land Claims.—Messrs. Moore, A. H. H. Stuart, John Young, Wm. C. Johnson, E. D. Davis, Green, Taylor, Payne, and Charles Brown.

Committee on Manufactures.—Messrs. Saltonstall, Tillingham, Randolph, Bled, Hunt, Henry, Habschbach, Aaron P. Brown, and P. C. Caldwell.

Committee on Agriculture.—Messrs. Dabney, Ridgely, Simpson, Matheba, Doug, Shaw, Edwards, Partridge, and John Hastings.

Committee on Indian Affairs.—Messrs. Cooper, Cantrich, Childsden, Sellers, W. Butler, Waterman, Harris, Waller, and John C. Edwards.

Committee on Military Affairs.—Messrs. Stanly, Pennington, Goggin, William B. Campbell, Stanley, Wm. O. Butler, Sumner, Miller, and J. T. Moore.

Committee on the Militia.—Messrs. Keith, Cole, Ward, Boyd, H. B. Butler, Basing, Alfred Marshall, Brewster, and Houston.

Committee on Naval Affairs.—Messrs. Ward, King, Calhoun, John C. Clark, Russell, Fagan, Gresham, Mallory, and Clifford.

Committee on Foreign Affairs.—Messrs. J. Q. Adams, Condit, Everett, W. C. Johnson, Gresham, Gilmer, Wilson, Russell, and Powell.

Committee on the Territories.—Messrs. Pope, Christopher H. Williams, Garret Davis, Sellers, Gales, Green, Caldwell, Hays, Dean, and Chas. A. Floyd.

Committee on Revolutionary Pensions.—Messrs. Talbot, Rufus, Rufus, Blay N. Clark, Mathis, L. W. Andrews, Babcock, Matthews, Pennington, and Wm. Smith.

Committee on Internal Revenue.—Messrs. Barks, Ayres, Baker, Gordon, Stratton, Isaac D. Jones, Dean, Sanford, and Augustus Young.

Committee on Roads and Canals.—Messrs. Lawrence, Lane, John B. Thompson, W. W. Jones, Sprigg, Russell, Wood, Daniel, and Riggs.

Committee on Patents.—Messrs. R. McChesney, Griffin, Gerry, Ramsey, and Ed Sanford.

Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.—Messrs. Burwell, Ward, Augustus Young, Cameron, and Brewster.

Committee on Pensions and Unpaid Bounties.—Messrs. Eastman, Bacon, C. A. Floyd, Jack, and Mallock.

Committee on Annuities.—Messrs. Marchand, York, Camp, Stanley N. Clark, and Joseph L. Williams.

Committee on Military.—Messrs. Thomas W. Williams, Robertson, John C. Edwards, Ward, and Robert.

Committee on the Library in the part of the House.—Messrs. Tillingham, Ayres, and Standen.

Probably no Member of either House of Congress has done so to shield the present Session who has been so long and so long in the House of Representatives, as Mr. Lewis, of Alabama, who yesterday made a conclusive and welcome relation of the report of his death, which originated in a Georgia paper a week or two ago, and became the subject of much general regret. We distributed the rumor from the first, because of the indirectness of the channel through which it was received, and therefore gave no currency to it. It was very generally credited, however, both here and elsewhere, until within a day or two doubt had been cast upon it.—Nat. Int.

Mr. Atkinson, in the House a few days since, offered a resolution for the appointment of a Committee to make some general investigation into the Banks. Mr. Lyman moved in amendment, by requiring the Committee to designate some day, when the Banks should resume. This amendment was voted down by the Locos.—R. Whig.

YET ANOTHER SLAVE CASE.
Two colored women and a colored boy were brought before Judge Wilde, at Boston, on Saturday the 27th ultimo, upon habeas corpus. The vessel to which they belong is owned in Newbern, in this State, and the two women are slaves to the owner. On examination they said they had arrived and children in Newbern, and would rather go back slaves than remain free at the North. The boy was proved to be an apprentice to the master of the vessel—of course not a slave. All three were discharged, and the writ dismissed. It was sued out by David Ruggles, a colored man of New Bedford, where the vessel arrived.—Rel. Reg.

To show you its style and taste, we append the following, which we call a patent editorial. By the by Peter, don't you think it would be a valuable instrument in the hands of a neighbor of ours! What, Maj. Fergus the next what "fights and slews?" Exactly so Peter.

THE HAPPY MAN.
About three miles south of Gobbler's Hall lives an individual in a state perfectly happy. From the road may be seen a house built about fifteen feet high, propped all around with posts and fence rails to prevent the wind from blowing it over; one half of the top remains uncovered, wisely left so to admit the warming beams of the sun upon the inmates; the chimney is so constructed as to admit of being used as a door or as a place for the fire. There lives The Happy Man. The artificial wants of mankind he has nobly cast aside, and only obeys the laws of his nature. Unlike the proud and haughty, the wealthy and luxurious, who wear shoes and boots in winter, and calfskin pumps in summer, he goes barefoot! Neither does he disgrace, like the modern slave of fashion, that more elevated part of man by drawing over it the filthy hairs of minkskin or beaver, making it thereby appear like a great mushroom turned upside down! No, but boldly he holds it up to the storm, and valiantly braves the wind, rain and snow. Nor yet does he deform himself by wearing that unnecessary piece of covering called a coat; he deforms and that majestic form with such trimmings, for he believes not in the saying, that "the apparel oft bespeaks the man," for from it; indeed he has been heard to say that expression no doubt was coined, long before the poet existed by some tailor or milliner to deceive the ignorant and credulous, and thereby help himself as the case may be to the good things of this world. We say he wears no coat, but in lieu thereof he wraps across his shoulders the remains of what once entered into a garment of that kind, made for the young and elegant Mr. Shimperton, the brother of that unfortunate young man, who lost his life by the bursting of his strap button! In due time, from the effects of age and attacks of moths, this coat from sundry apertures, at divers points and places, began to permit a rather too free circulation of air around the body of Mr. Shimperton for his comfort; so the old coat was hung up in the garret to rest in peace. There in the silence of dirt and dust it swung for years until accident called it into use. One cold frosty morning an affray took place in the yard between the goose, ducks and dogs, which ended in the breaking of a leg belonging to a certain old drake; this accident occasioned a tremendous uproar among the combatants; the ganders quarrelled, the ducks quacked, and the dogs barked to the annoyance of all discreet and honest people. Old Mrs. Shimperton (couldn't she make the finest apple dumplings!) sallied out and discovered the damage committed upon her drake; seizing it she entered the house to procure bandages and splints. Then like a true surgeon she bound up the limb and enveloped the drake in this same old coat to keep him warm, but unluckily, she kept him so warm that he died before morning. Next day the coat was thrown over the garden fence. The Happy Man happened to pass by beheld it lying there; being of a careful and saving disposition, he immediately drew it around him thinking innocently, no doubt, that by-and-by it would make most excellent bedding for the cats and dogs!

The following from the Register, we commend to every Whig: "Remember the days of darkness, when scarcely a ray of hope illuminated our path. And yet we rallied then. In the face of overwhelming odds, we buckled on our armor, and did gallant little for our suffering country. And in due time, we were gloriously rewarded. But because things have not gone so exactly to suit us—because we have been disappointed in our just expectations, we are disposed to flinch back and neglect our duty. Is this right? Is it manly? Is it patriotic? Say, we have been betrayed! Is this any reason, why we should betray ourselves, and forego the advantages of our position? We do not struggle for John Tyler, or against him. We battle for the right, for truth, for justice, for ourselves, for our country. Let not the misdeeds of a faithless Agent deter us from our duty; the path is plain, and if we lose sight of it, we are false to principle and false to ourselves. Our cause is still the same. Despite the traitor or if we will, let us not seem to leave the treason by playing into the hands of our adversary. Prepare then for action. Let every Whig do his duty, and soon will the agonizing exaltation of the Loco Foe be turned into lamentations that will excite pity in the bosom of every humane Whig!"

CONGRESS.

Nothing has been done of consequence except the appointment of Committees. About Washington all seem quiet, except Blair and Benton who are in a terrible rage against "Captain Tyler and his message." Good sign that. Cheer up Whigs, something good will come out of Nazareth yet. The following are the Committees of the House:

Committee on Elections.—Messrs. Halsted, Blair, Corwin, Benjamin Randall, Benton, Bartles, Turley, Houston, and Reynolds.

Committee on Ways and Means.—Messrs. F. M. Smith, Samuel Mason, Walker, T. F. Marshall, J. R. Ingersoll, J. W. Jones, Atchison, and Lewis.

Committee on Claims.—Messrs. Giddings, Osborn, Corwin, Tomlinson, Arnold, Hubert, Barks, J. W. Williams, and Mallin.

Committee on Commerce.—Messrs. Kennedy, Withers, Toland, J. C. Clark, Rayner, Allen, A. J. Andrews, T. W. Gilman, and Porter.

Committee on Public Lands.—Messrs. Morrow, Lewis Williams, Truman Smith, Gentry, Brown, Howard, Casey, Brewster, and Jacob Thompson.

Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.—Messrs. Briggs, Joseph L. Williams, Russell, Broadway, Orville, Hopkins, Andrew Kennedy, John O. Floyd, and Plumer.

Committee for the District of Columbia.—Messrs. Underwood, Sumner, Alexander, Kendall, Powell, Richard W. Thompson, John Campbell, Ward, Dawson, and Bissell.

Committee on the Judiciary.—Messrs. Burwell, Trumbull, Powell, Maxwell, Thomas F. Ford, Milton Brown, Chas. J. Ingersoll, Russell, and Standen.

Committee on Revolutionary Claims.—Messrs. Hall, F. G. Good, Triphitt, Thomas J. Campbell, Maynard, Washington, James, Pennington, and W. O. Gales.

Committee on Public Repudiation.—Messrs. Shapell, Linn, Hobson, John T. Stuart, Marshall, Gales, Clinton, Lathrop, and McChesney.

Committee on Private Land Claims.—Messrs. Moore, A. H. H. Stuart, John Young, Wm. C. Johnson, E. D. Davis, Green, Taylor, Payne, and Charles Brown.

Committee on Manufactures.—Messrs. Saltonstall, Tillingham, Randolph, Bled, Hunt, Henry, Habschbach, Aaron P. Brown, and P. C. Caldwell.

Committee on Agriculture.—Messrs. Dabney, Ridgely, Simpson, Matheba, Doug, Shaw, Edwards, Partridge, and John Hastings.

Committee on Indian Affairs.—Messrs. Cooper, Cantrich, Childsden, Sellers, W. Butler, Waterman, Harris, Waller, and John C. Edwards.

Committee on Military Affairs.—Messrs. Stanly, Pennington, Goggin, William B. Campbell, Stanley, Wm. O. Butler, Sumner, Miller, and J. T. Moore.

Committee on the Militia.—Messrs. Keith, Cole, Ward, Boyd, H. B. Butler, Basing, Alfred Marshall, Brewster, and Houston.

Committee on Naval Affairs.—Messrs. Ward, King, Calhoun, John C. Clark, Russell, Fagan, Gresham, Mallory, and Clifford.

Committee on Foreign Affairs.—Messrs. J. Q. Adams, Condit, Everett, W. C. Johnson, Gresham, Gilmer, Wilson, Russell, and Powell.

Committee on the Territories.—Messrs. Pope, Christopher H. Williams, Garret Davis, Sellers, Gales, Green, Caldwell, Hays, Dean, and Chas. A. Floyd.

Committee on Revolutionary Pensions.—Messrs. Talbot, Rufus, Rufus, Blay N. Clark, Mathis, L. W. Andrews, Babcock, Matthews, Pennington, and Wm. Smith.

Committee on Internal Revenue.—Messrs. Barks, Ayres, Baker, Gordon, Stratton, Isaac D. Jones, Dean, Sanford, and Augustus Young.

Committee on Roads and Canals.—Messrs. Lawrence, Lane, John B. Thompson, W. W. Jones, Sprigg, Russell, Wood, Daniel, and Riggs.

Committee on Patents.—Messrs. R. McChesney, Griffin, Gerry, Ramsey, and Ed Sanford.

Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.—Messrs. Burwell, Ward, Augustus Young, Cameron, and Brewster.

Committee on Pensions and Unpaid Bounties.—Messrs. Eastman, Bacon, C. A. Floyd, Jack, and Mallock.

Committee on Annuities.—Messrs. Marchand, York, Camp, Stanley N. Clark, and Joseph L. Williams.

Committee on Military.—Messrs. Thomas W. Williams, Robertson, John C. Edwards, Ward, and Robert.

Committee on the Library in the part of the House.—Messrs. Tillingham, Ayres, and Standen.

Probably no Member of either House of Congress has done so to shield the present Session who has been so long and so long in the House of Representatives, as Mr. Lewis, of Alabama, who yesterday made a conclusive and welcome relation of the report of his death, which originated in a Georgia paper a week or two ago, and became the subject of much general regret. We distributed the rumor from the first, because of the indirectness of the channel through which it was received, and therefore gave no currency to it. It was very generally credited, however, both here and elsewhere, until within a day or two doubt had been cast upon it.—Nat. Int.

Mr. Atkinson, in the House a few days since, offered a resolution for the appointment of a Committee to make some general investigation into the Banks. Mr. Lyman moved in amendment, by requiring the Committee to designate some day, when the Banks should resume. This amendment was voted down by the Locos.—R. Whig.

YET ANOTHER SLAVE CASE.
Two colored women and a colored boy were brought before Judge Wilde, at Boston, on Saturday the 27th ultimo, upon habeas corpus. The vessel to which they belong is owned in Newbern, in this State, and the two women are slaves to the owner. On examination they said they had arrived and children in Newbern, and would rather go back slaves than remain free at the North. The boy was proved to be an apprentice to the master of the vessel—of course not a slave. All three were discharged, and the writ dismissed. It was sued out by David Ruggles, a colored man of New Bedford, where the vessel arrived.—Rel. Reg.

To show you its style and taste, we append the following, which we call a patent editorial. By the by Peter, don't you think it would be a valuable instrument in the hands of a neighbor of ours! What, Maj. Fergus the next what "fights and slews?" Exactly so Peter.

THE HAPPY MAN.
About three miles south of Gobbler's Hall lives an individual in a state perfectly happy. From the road may be seen a house built about fifteen feet high, propped all around with posts and fence rails to prevent the wind from blowing it over; one half of the top remains uncovered, wisely left so to admit the warming beams of the sun upon the inmates; the chimney is so constructed as to admit of being used as a door or as a place for the fire. There lives The Happy Man. The artificial wants of mankind he has nobly cast aside, and only obeys the laws of his nature. Unlike the proud and haughty, the wealthy and luxurious, who wear shoes and boots in winter, and calfskin pumps in summer, he goes barefoot! Neither does he disgrace, like the modern slave of fashion, that more elevated part of man by drawing over it the filthy hairs of minkskin or beaver, making it thereby appear like a great mushroom turned upside down! No, but boldly he holds it up to the storm, and valiantly braves the wind, rain and snow. Nor yet does he deform himself by wearing that unnecessary piece of covering called a coat; he deforms and that majestic form with such trimmings, for he believes not in the saying, that "the apparel oft bespeaks the man," for from it; indeed he has been heard to say that expression no doubt was coined, long before the poet existed by some tailor or milliner to deceive the ignorant and credulous, and thereby help himself as the case may be to the good things of this world. We say he wears no coat, but in lieu thereof he wraps across his shoulders the remains of what once entered into a garment of that kind, made for the young and elegant Mr. Shimperton, the brother of that unfortunate young man, who lost his life by the bursting of his strap button! In due time, from the effects of age and attacks of moths, this coat from sundry apertures, at divers points and places, began to permit a rather too free circulation of air around the body of Mr. Shimperton for his comfort; so the old coat was hung up in the garret to rest in peace. There in the silence of dirt and dust it swung for years until accident called it into use. One cold frosty morning an affray took place in the yard between the goose, ducks and dogs, which ended in the breaking of a leg belonging to a certain old drake; this accident occasioned a tremendous uproar among the combatants; the ganders quarrelled, the ducks quacked, and the dogs barked to the annoyance of all discreet and honest people. Old Mrs. Shimperton (couldn't she make the finest apple dumplings!) sallied out and discovered the damage committed upon her drake; seizing it she entered the house to procure bandages and splints. Then like a true surgeon she bound up the limb and enveloped the drake in this same old coat to keep him warm, but unluckily, she kept him so warm that he died before morning. Next day the coat was thrown over the garden fence. The Happy Man happened to pass by beheld it lying there; being of a careful and saving disposition, he immediately drew it around him thinking innocently, no doubt, that by-and-by it would make most excellent bedding for the cats and dogs!

The following from the Register, we commend to every Whig: "Remember the days of darkness, when scarcely a ray of hope illuminated our path. And yet we rallied then. In the face of overwhelming odds, we buckled on our armor, and did gallant little for our suffering country. And in due time, we were gloriously rewarded. But because things have not gone so exactly to suit us—because we have been disappointed in our just expectations, we are disposed to flinch back and neglect our duty. Is this right? Is it manly? Is it patriotic? Say, we have been betrayed! Is this any reason, why we should betray ourselves, and forego the advantages of our position? We do not struggle for John Tyler, or against him. We battle for the right, for truth, for justice, for ourselves, for our country. Let not the misdeeds of a faithless Agent deter us from our duty; the path is plain, and if we lose sight of it, we are false to principle and false to ourselves. Our cause is still the same. Despite the traitor or if we will, let us not seem to leave the treason by playing into the hands of our adversary. Prepare then for action. Let every Whig do his duty, and soon will the agonizing exaltation of the Loco Foe be turned into lamentations that will excite pity in the bosom of every humane Whig!"

CONGRESS.

Nothing has been done of consequence except the appointment of Committees. About Washington all seem quiet, except Blair and Benton who are in a terrible rage against "Captain Tyler and his message." Good sign that. Cheer up Whigs, something good will come out of Nazareth yet. The following are the Committees of the House:

Committee on Elections.—Messrs. Halsted, Blair, Corwin, Benjamin Randall, Benton, Bartles, Turley, Houston, and Reynolds.

Committee on Ways and Means.—Messrs. F. M. Smith, Samuel Mason, Walker, T. F. Marshall, J. R. Ingersoll, J. W. Jones, Atchison, and Lewis.

Committee on Claims.—Messrs. Giddings, Osborn, Corwin, Tomlinson, Arnold, Hubert, Barks, J. W. Williams, and Mallin.

Committee on Commerce.—Messrs. Kennedy, Withers, Toland, J. C. Clark, Rayner, Allen, A. J. Andrews, T. W. Gilman, and Porter.

Committee on Public Lands.—Messrs. Morrow, Lewis Williams, Truman Smith, Gentry, Brown, Howard, Casey, Brewster, and Jacob Thompson.

Committee on the Post Office and Post Roads.—Messrs. Briggs, Joseph L. Williams, Russell, Broadway, Orville, Hopkins, Andrew Kennedy, John O. Floyd, and Plumer.

Committee for the District of Columbia.—Messrs. Underwood, Sumner, Alexander, Kendall, Powell, Richard W. Thompson, John Campbell, Ward, Dawson, and Bissell.

Committee on the Judiciary.—Messrs. Burwell, Trumbull, Powell, Maxwell, Thomas F. Ford, Milton Brown, Chas. J. Ingersoll, Russell, and Standen.

Committee on Revolutionary Claims.—Messrs. Hall, F. G. Good, Triphitt, Thomas J. Campbell, Maynard, Washington, James, Pennington, and W. O. Gales.

Committee on Public Repudiation.—Messrs. Shapell, Linn, Hobson, John T. Stuart, Marshall, Gales, Clinton, Lathrop, and McChesney.

Committee on Private Land Claims.—Messrs. Moore, A. H. H. Stuart, John Young, Wm. C. Johnson, E. D. Davis, Green, Taylor, Payne, and Charles Brown.

Committee on Manufactures.—Messrs. Saltonstall, Tillingham, Randolph, Bled, Hunt, Henry, Habschbach, Aaron P. Brown, and P. C. Caldwell.

Committee on Agriculture.—Messrs. Dabney, Ridgely, Simpson, Matheba, Doug, Shaw, Edwards, Partridge, and John Hastings.

Committee on Indian Affairs.—Messrs. Cooper, Cantrich, Childsden, Sellers, W. Butler, Waterman, Harris, Waller, and John C. Edwards.

Committee on Military Affairs.—Messrs. Stanly, Pennington, Goggin, William B. Campbell, Stanley, Wm. O. Butler, Sumner, Miller, and J. T. Moore.

Committee on the Militia.—Messrs. Keith, Cole, Ward, Boyd, H. B. Butler, Basing, Alfred Marshall, Brewster, and Houston.

Committee on Naval Affairs.—Messrs. Ward, King, Calhoun, John C. Clark, Russell, Fagan, Gresham, Mallory, and Clifford.

Committee on Foreign Affairs.—Messrs. J. Q. Adams, Condit, Everett, W. C. Johnson, Gresham, Gilmer, Wilson, Russell, and Powell.

Committee on the Territories.—Messrs. Pope, Christopher H. Williams, Garret Davis, Sellers, Gales, Green, Caldwell, Hays, Dean, and Chas. A. Floyd.

Committee on Revolutionary Pensions.—Messrs. Talbot, Rufus, Rufus, Blay N. Clark, Mathis, L. W. Andrews, Babcock, Matthews, Pennington, and Wm. Smith.

Committee on Internal Revenue.—Messrs. Barks, Ayres, Baker, Gordon, Stratton, Isaac D. Jones, Dean, Sanford, and Augustus Young.

Committee on Roads and Canals.—Messrs. Lawrence, Lane, John B. Thompson, W. W. Jones, Sprigg, Russell, Wood, Daniel, and Riggs.

Committee on Patents.—Messrs. R. McChesney, Griffin, Gerry, Ramsey, and Ed Sanford.

Committee on Public Buildings and Grounds.—Messrs. Burwell, Ward, Augustus Young, Cameron, and Brewster.

Committee on Pensions and Unpaid Bounties.—Messrs. Eastman, Bacon, C. A. Floyd, Jack, and Mallock.

Committee on Annuities.—Messrs. Marchand, York, Camp, Stanley N. Clark, and Joseph L. Williams.

Committee on Military.—Messrs. Thomas W. Williams, Robertson, John C. Edwards, Ward, and Robert.

Committee on the Library in the part of the House.—Messrs. Tillingham, Ayres, and Standen.

THE MARKET.



THE DESERTED FARM.

From the *Illustrated Journal*.
We go'd open the peasant's home—
It was a pleasant room,
Furnished in a little style.
A stream that ran green,
With a small herd of geese,
Which were a saving to him—
Ah, how a merry hearted
Had looked there, when
My heart grew old—the walls were bare—
No better thing was there—
And I, who had been at the thought,
That death had revealed here,
On the green and we playing dropped,
A sympathizing tear,
To mourn the happy group that once
Had congregated here.
There was a wild rose tree with care,
A mark of woman's taste,
A drawing rudely scratched with chalk,
Some childish hand had traced;
And every where the neat white walls
With pictures were defaced.
Oh, what had made this humble home,
So pleasant once, a waste!
Now, was the ruin, yet I found
A mark of man's decay;
A broken crutch, upon the floor,
In one dark corner lay.
Which once though might have sustained
A dame or grandeur grey;
I called aloud—the echoing hills
Replied—"Where are they?"
We left with heart oppressed and sad,
The desolate abode,
And saw a sturdy, rustic lad
Come whistling down the road.
We ask'd what came that ruin'd scene,
And he'd not object us—
"Why, stranger, that was Brown's old place,
Who broke and went to Texas."

MISCELLANEOUS.

THE BELL-ROUNDER.

Written by Himself.
—

I know that the document must be terrible; but I never imagined it would be carried to such an extent; for, in pointing out to me the part I was to perform, the engravers were careful to hide from me the cruel insults they intended to inflict upon my poor wife; and I felt like the spectator of a play, who, after dwelling with delight upon some scene of enchantment, beholds the curtain fall, and the whole charm is destroyed in an instant. I seemed to have awakened from a dream of rapture to all the stern realities of life. My unfortunate Aurora had suffered but little of the painful scenes; for, long before the engraver came to speak, she became unconscious of every thing around her, and they left her in a deep swoon.

You may imagine my state of despair and agony, when you consider, that the new kind of life I had led for the last year and the pains which had been bestowed upon the cultivation of my mind, had drawn forth new tastes, and susceptibility of feeling, with which Nature had endowed me, but of the extent of which I was unconscious until now. Alas! when I beheld her whom I adored, lying at my feet like one dead, I shuddered at the thought of losing her for ever, although I almost equally dreaded the moment which should restore her to the consciousness of her unhappy fate; and while I could not to apply every remedy my anxiety could suggest, I almost hoped my efforts might be without success. It seemed, indeed, for some time, as if my half-formed wishes were to be fulfilled, so long was it before Aurora returned to her senses. At length her eyes opened and met mine gazing upon her with intense anxiety. She shuddered, and uttering the word "moaner," sank again into a state of insensibility. I took advantage of this reprieve, to disperse the crowd which had collected around us, and carrying her into the hut, placed her upon my poor old father's wretched pallet, which a kind neighbor had covered with some fresh straw. I then begged we might be left alone, not wishing there should be any witnesses to the cruel confession I had to make.

When entirely alone, I took Aurora in my arms; I pressed her to my bosom; I bathed her cold cheeks with my scalding tears. At length, she opened her eyes, and fixed them upon me with a look that made me tremble. The first words she uttered, were to beg me to leave her alone, under the pretext that we both so much needed repose, and to defer, until the next day, the details of the dishonorable plot of which she had discovered herself to be the victim. I yielded to her wishes and retired, leaving her in the care of the curate's niece, whose affectionate attention she appeared to receive with pleasure.

Dreadful indeed were the sufferings of that terrible night. I was suddenly transported from a situation of elegance and luxury, to a miserable hovel, and almost destitute of resources, for I had but a few louis left, and my wife, my beautiful Aurora, in the spring-time of her life, accustomed to every indulgence, and all the delights of a society of which she had formed one of the brightest ornaments, was at once, by an infamous deception, reduced to a state of the extreme poverty, and forced to share the wretched cabin of a poor old man; and with me, the chief instrument of her misfortunes, the wretched accomplice in all the atrocities from which she suffered. Alas! what could I now do? How hope to soften her wounded feelings? My fervent attachment, my tenderness, my deep devotion, would they alone suffice for her happiness? Would they atone for my dishonorable and cruel conduct? Alas! I feared not. I could scarcely presume upon so much goodness and forgiveness. I felt more strongly than ever the wretchedness of her fate, and the enormity of my own crime. It was not the reverse fortune, which I lamented; in truth I had experienced none. Born and bred in poverty, I was habituated to its wants and could bear with all its privations; but my full heart taught me, but too sensibly, that I could never bear that grief

which your indifference and coldness to the wretched object of our love; the more bitter which falls to the lot of humanity. I could not endure to look forward that tenderness as necessary to happiness, nor bear to read coldness and disdain in those eyes which once beamed upon me with confidence and affection. Nor was this all. I knew not, that even this would be the extent of my punishment. Might not deep asperion and contempt take the place of indifference? And even if banished by her whom I adored, what right had I to complain? My conscience told me I had sinned! My deep remorse added to my torture, but could bring me no relief. Was not I the cause of all her misfortunes? Had I not cast a dark cloud over the brilliant horizon of her life? Had I not brought sorrow upon the brightest days of her youth? In short, was I not the unmitigated cause of all her wretchedness? Perhaps in her despair she might seek an asylum in the grave; perhaps with her last breath she would pour curses upon my head; or, if I could pay the price of a generous pardon, such pity, such pardon, would be more painful than reproach—more heart rending than her malediction. I was almost frantic with these harrowing thoughts, which made the bed upon which I had sought repose, a place of torment, where I vainly courted a short oblivion of my woes.

To increase the evils of my situation, a long continued rain had inundated the road to Montelimart, and rendered it impassable for several days, which prevented me from sending there for a carriage, as I had intended to convey Aurora to a more comfortable and less humiliating lodging. You will believe that I made frequent inquiries after my unfortunate companion; the replies were satisfactory, and my attentions were received with some acknowledgment. I was even told that I should be admitted to see her the next day; that she exerted herself, and displayed a strength of character, a firmness, and courage, under the cruel circumstances in which she was placed, which would astonish and confound her heartless enemies. All this was told me, however, with such an air of mystery, that it gave me no comfort, and the next day found me again filled with terror and dismay. The fatal interview appeared more dreadful than death itself; and I was seeking for some pretext by which to defer it when the door of my chamber opened, and Aurora stood before me. I threw myself at her feet, and seized her hand, bathed it with tears. She gazed upon me for some time in silence; then bidding me rise, said with an air of dignity and pride, which nothing could overcome: "You have deceived me, and must be aware that my pardon depends upon the course you may hereafter pursue. If any sentiment of generosity remains in your heart—if you do not wish to heap new misfortunes upon your victim—you will not seek to take advantage of the title you have so unjustly acquired. The curate's niece offers me an asylum in her uncle's house; I have accepted it, as it accords with my situation and duties. You can see me there, when you please; and we can then, with more calmness, consider the best mode of relieving ourselves from our present painful position, and arrange our future plans. You may trust to my honor for the guardianship of yours."

The man who loves is always sanguine. A kind expression from the woman he adores, is sufficient to banish uneasiness from his mind. In spite of the studied calmness of Aurora's manner, my faith was strong in her good intentions; and I did not reflect, that it would have been more natural for her to have overwhelmed me with reproaches. For some days I retained the hope of pardon; for I saw her smile as I traced out the plan of such a life as my fond affections suggested. How indeed could I conceive, after the agony I had endured, that my cup of bitterness was not yet full, and that there was in reserve for me a grief still more fatal!

One morning, about a week after our arrival, when dreams of happiness had prolonged my sleep to a later hour than usual, my father entered my room, and reproving my laziness, presented me with two letters. The handwriting of one was unknown to me. I opened the other, which was from my friends at Lyons, and ran thus: "We are so well satisfied with you, and your revenge upon the proud Aurora has been so completely accomplished, that it is but just we should remember the affluence and good faith by which you have insured our success. You are no longer fitted to dwell in the class in which you were born; and we have great pleasure in being able to offer you the means of extricating yourself from your present situation, without taxing your gratitude too far, as we can be useful to you without injuring ourselves. When urged on by our desire of revenge, you are aware that we each contributed one thousand crowns in aid of our plans; you have scarcely expended one third of this sum; the rest is placed at your disposal, in the hands of a notary of this city, who is ready to deliver it to you at any moment. The silks and jewelry, which served to confirm the credulity of a silly father and blind the pride of an arrogant daughter, you must also consider as your own; and to you we confide the future happiness of Aurora: having made choice of you, in the hope that you might never have cause to regret our revenge being carried too far. Should you desire to enter into any speculation, you may rely upon the credit, the good will, and the support of your friends at Lyons."

"Thank Heaven," cried I, with delight, "half my troubles are removed! I can now supply all the wants of my adored wife." The other letter was from Aurora, and contained these words: "Some feeling of pity which I still retain for you, notwithstanding your conduct towards me, induces me to inform you of my proceedings thus far. By the time you receive this letter, I shall be in Lyons, where it is my intention to retire to a convent, in which I shall be secure from your odious presence. As an orphan and generous young man, I am known to you that it is my purpose to appeal to every tribunal in the country, until I find one which will do me justice, by breaking

the chains of my father and me, and the vile traitor who has deceived and betrayed the same victim again. The second of the letters was from the thought of pursuing Aurora, and forcing her to obey the man whom fate had made her husband; but this was only an idea of the moment, for I felt an insurmountable repugnance to persecute a woman I so truly and tenderly loved; and besides, the thing was impracticable, as she had already been some several hours, and it was in vain to hope to overtake her. I could promise to become nearer than Montelimart, and it was useless to attempt it on foot. My greatest desire now was to quit a place fraught with bitter and sorrowful recollections; and fortunately, I had just money enough to take me to Lyons. Before my departure, I questioned both the curate and his niece, in hopes of gaining some clue to my wife's place of concealment; but neither prayers nor threats were of any avail; they pleaded their ignorance of her intentions, although I afterwards discovered them to have been the projectors of the whole plan.

When I arrived at Lyons, new difficulties presented themselves. Where was I to commence my search? How, in so large a city, was I to discover the asylum in which Aurora had taken refuge? I dared not appeal to her father, justly incensed, as he must be, against the deceiver of his daughter; nor could I wander from one convent to another, making such unusual inquiries, without running the risk of being arrested and imprisoned as an accessory in so culpable a plot. In my dilemma, I had recourse to my friends, the engravers, who advised me to remain perfectly quiet, and wait until the suit instituted against me should become the subject of general conversation in Lyons, when, without doubt, I should discover all I desired to know. I followed their advice; and in the mean while, occupied myself industriously in endeavoring to increase my fortune, being well convinced that without wealth and character I could never hope to recover the esteem and affection of my wife.

After the sale of the various articles of which I could now make no use, I found myself possessed of ten thousand crowns. There were rumors of a war between some of the principal powers of Europe, of which aided by my generous friends, I took advantage to make a bold speculation, which, if it failed would again plunge me into misery and poverty, but if successful, would at least quadruple my funds. Thus, while my commercial operations were made with the greatest secrecy, the history of my misfortune became the subject of universal conversation; for, from the conclusion of her covert, Aurora continued to denounce my friends and myself. Their want of address and caution had brought all the persecution upon themselves; but it was most advantageous to me, as their own interests obliged them to take up my defense. Aurora pleaded that our marriage should be annulled. The absence of the curate, a lady highly esteemed for her excellence and noble birth, warmly supported her; while her father and his friends used all their influence, and made every exertion in their power; so that our cause seemed on every side with a defeat, the chance of which would indeed have fallen upon the engravers, but by which I alone should be the sad and heart-broken sufferer. They even laughed at the whole affair, and were much amused to find how completely Aurora's pride became her greatest punishment, through the publicity to which it subjected her. But their derision could not delay the course of justice. An order was issued for my arrest, which I only escaped through the obscurity in which I lived.

The day of the trial arrived. Aurora demanded a guard to attend her to the tribunal, by which our marriage was to be declared either null or valid. She appeared there in all the brilliancy of beauty, heightened by an air of unfeigned diffidence and modesty. Never had any trial drawn together so large a concourse of people; and her counsel pleaded her cause with so much feeling and eloquence, that he was frequently interrupted by the tears and sobs of the whole assembly. The interest manifested by the judges, left but little doubt as to the nature of their verdict; and the expectant assembly awaited it with enthusiastic eagerness; when, as one coming forward to undertake my defense, the engraver whom Aurora had rejected, asked permission of the court to plead my cause, which was immediately granted. In a few words he related my history, exaggerating in nothing except in the praises he bestowed upon me. He acknowledged that the circumstances under which my marriage had taken place, would fully authorize the judges to declare it null. He appeared to justify for a moment.

The most profound silence reigned throughout the court; when, turning to Aurora, he said, in a calm and impressive manner: "It may be true, madame, that you were not intended to be the wife of a bell-rounder; but Nature obliges you to be the mother of his child! Listen, in the pleadings of your unborn infant, and say if you desire a freedom, which will condemn it to the infamy of an illegitimate birth."

"No! no!" cried the trembling Aurora, bursting into tears; while the spectators deeply moved, echoed her words, as with one voice; and "No! no!" resounded throughout the assembly. The voice of maternal love decided the cause. The judges declared the marriage valid, as the contract was signed with my true name; and they even admitted that our situations were not so unequal as to justify the dissolution of our ties. But in order to diminish the triumph of an adventurer, they declared that my wife, was at liberty to remain in the convent she had chosen for her retreat, and that her husband could neither reclaim, nor molest her, without incurring the penalty of the law; that the child should be baptized by my name; that I could assert no right over it; and the rest of the sentence relating to the details more interesting to the lawyers than the readers of my history, I here omit. Aurora left the hall of justice in a sort of triumph, escorted to her asylum by the crowd, loud in the praises of the sufferer who had made her maternal feelings.

My correspondence with Lyons was very extensive; and upon one occasion, I was so happy as to be able to render an essential service to one of the first bankers of that city. His gratitude induced him to urge me strongly to pay him a visit; and at last I consented to do so, actuated by an irrepressible desire to breathe again the same air with my beloved Aurora. I went with my own equipage and servants, in the best style; and this time my luxury was not borrowed, but being the fruits of my own industry, I felt happy, and secure of its duration.

Even my old friends, the engravers, scarcely recognized me; so I had nothing to fear from casual acquaintances. Without appearing to evince too great an interest in the subject, I spoke of the celebrated trial which had caused so much excitement throughout the city, five years before, and made some inquiries about Aurora and her family, as if it were a mere matter of curiosity. I learned that her father died some years before, leaving his affairs in a bad condition, that Aurora was almost penniless, and indeed in some degree dependent upon the kindness of the abbess, with whom she still remained. I was told, at the same time, that independently of the general interest she had inspired, her conduct had been much talked of with respect and admiration of every one. They observed, also, that the bell-rounder had never disturbed her tranquillity, or attempted to reclaim the rights of which he had been deprived. I could not listen to this recital without the deepest emotion. During my four years' residence in the capital, my thoughts had been incessantly occupied in efforts to acquire a fortune, in the hope of regaining the sole object of my labors. But my return to Lyons, and the unfeigned admiration of all who spoke of Aurora, revived with increased strength the love which I had never ceased to cherish for her. The form of my adored wife was forever present to me, and I felt how utterly worthless would be the fortune I had so laboriously acquired, should she refuse to share it with me. And my child! alas! was I never to strain him to my heart? Never to enjoy his infantile caresses, or to experience those paternal feelings, which imagination pictured to me in such glowing colors? I could bear this suspense no longer, but resolved that nothing should prevent me from meeting my wife and my son.

At my desire, one of the engravers assembled all her father's creditors, whom I immediately paid, and at the same time secured myself to recover many things which I knew long habit had made dear to his daughter, and the loss of which I was sure she must regret. My friend, the banker, had spoken so handsomely of her, and was himself so generally esteemed, that I determined to make him my confidant, and induce him to aid me in my project; for I knew his name alone would diminish many of my difficulties. He possessed a beautiful villa upon the borders of the Rhone, to which I accompanied him; and having one day obtained from him a promise of secrecy, I spoke thus: "Hitherto, you have known me only as a merchant, who is indebted to his talents, industry, and probity, for fortune and an honorable name. My wayward fate has obliged me to appear under a kind of mask to those whose esteem I most fondly covet. Formerly, I deceived my misdeeds; but let me no longer impose upon you, my friend, who already know one half of my history. Listen, now, to the rest. You see before you that unfortunate bell-rounder, chosen by a set of thoughtless young men as the instrument of their revenge."

At this unexpected avowal, my friend started with surprise, and incredulity and doubt were expressed in his countenance. But I continued: "I am indebted to Nature for many faculties, which study and education have more fully developed. The generosity of my friends, and successful fortune, have achieved the rest. You have spoken kindly of Aurora. It is my intention soon to leave Lyons; but I solemnly declare to you, I will not depart without an effort to see her. Will you, my dear friend, who enjoy the esteem and consideration of all who know you, will you consent to be our mediator, and let me owe to you the happiness of my life?"

Recovering from his astonishment, he assured me he did not doubt being able to bring about the reconciliation I so ardently desired. "The Abbess of the convent in which your wife resides," said he, "knows me with her friendship, we are not far from the city; let us at once order our carriage, and seek Aurora; when I return we shall be able to remove all difficulties." I eagerly agreed to this plan, for I was now as anxious to see her as I had once been to avoid her; and I ardently desired to embrace my son.

A curious incident with regard to the Abbess. A child, the niece of the Abbess, having been found dead, and appeared to show the attention of the mother so entirely, that she scarcely noticed her respectful salutation. The child, however, the next day upon the stairs, appeared to be her usual self, and I perceived, by an involuntary shudder, that the Abbess recalled to her mind some painful scene; but my being introduced by a man whom she knew, prevented me from inquiring into the cause of the approaching evening, contributed to dispel her suspicions; and she was far from recognizing in the rich stranger her deceased and long neglected husband. My friend opened the conversation by some remarks upon my conduct, and inquired of the Abbess if she had not some commission to charge me with, for the capital. During this conversation, the child awoke, and instead of being alarmed at the sight of strangers, smiled gaily, and after gazing at us both for some time, in uncertainty, ran towards me. Oh, my friend! you may imagine what were my feelings, when I first received the sweet caresses of my child! I covered his little face with kisses. I could restrain myself no longer; but seizing him in my arms, I threw myself at the feet of my wife: "Aurora! Aurora!" I exclaimed, "behold your child!—Your son pleads for his father! Will you forever suffer pride to triumph over affection?" While I pronounced these words, in a deeply agitated voice, Aurora, taken by surprise, seemed ready to swoon. She gazed alternately upon me and my son, who clasped her knees, as if to implore pardon for his father. At length, she burst into tears; at which the child, not being able to comprehend the reason of his mother's emotion, mingled his plaintive cries with my exclamations. Aurora replied by throwing herself into my arms: "I know not," she said, "whether you seek again to deceive me; but your child pleads too strongly in your favor; henceforth, I am yours forever!"

She pressed me to her heart, and for some moments we were incapable of uttering a word. Our happiness, the caresses of our child, the tears of my friend, and the solemn influences of the place, all served to increase our emotion. "My children," said the Abbess, gazing upon us with an eye gleaming with sensibility, "you will, I trust, such fulfill your duty. Mr. —, I am too sincere to prove a traitor; and maternal love is too powerful in the bosom of Aurora, to suffer her again to become the victim of a foolish pride! May this union as touchingly renewed in my presence, be more happy than the first; and may you long enjoy that felicity which virtue alone can give!"

These words pronounced in a grave and solemn tone, calmed our excited feelings, and I proceeded to recount my adventures, neither omitting my faults, nor the remorse which they had occasioned. And I remarked with delight, that the hand of Aurora often gently pressed mine, whenever I spoke of the projects that my love for her had inspired; although she appeared to listen with indifference, when I dwelt upon the riches I had acquired. The part of the narrative which touched her most sensibly, was the payment of her father's debts, and my successful endeavors to rescue from the hands of the creditors the articles which had been dear to her from childhood. My friend celebrated our reunion by a brilliant feast. Near to his house was one which, although not large, was delightfully situated; and belonging, from an accidental circumstance, that it would be agreeable to Aurora, I immediately purchased it in her name; and in twenty-four hours, placed in her hands the deed which made her its mistress.

I returned to Paris with my wife and son. Whether it was that she still retained some of her former pride, or whether it arose from true gratitude of soul, I knew not; but she showed no surprise when introduced into a large and handsome house, furnished with much taste and magnificence. But I knew that adversity had had a happy influence upon her character; and I felt satisfied that I was beloved by the object of all my tenderness and affection.

A year thus passed away in perfect happiness, when one morning Aurora entered my study, her eyes sparkling with pleasure: "My dear friend," said she, "you must not refuse an invitation from your wife. I am going to give you a dinner party in my house at Lyons; but you must allow me to precede you with my son. I want to teach him to do the honors of the house to his father."

I failed not to arrive at the appointed hour, on the day of the feast. Aurora, who had surpassed even the wonted elegance of her toilet, was brilliant with beauty and gaiety; and dinner was soon announced; but judge of my surprise, when taking me by the hand, and conducting me to an apartment decorated in the most tasteful manner, I beheld there my ten old friends, the engravers; my first protectors, the authors of my fortune; of my marriage, and of my present happiness. I cannot describe the sensations I experienced, during this repast, in which the brightness and good humor of my charming wife inspired all our guests with gaiety and enjoyment. After dinner, she led us into the room she had arranged for me, and touching a slight spring, a curtain was withdrawn, and discovered two pictures, beautifully executed. We drew near to examine them, and an exclamation of surprise and admiration burst from all our lips. One of the pictures represented the scene of my father's hut, near Montelimart. I was upon my knees before Aurora, who repulsed me with disdain, at the same time throwing a look of contempt upon the engraver, who acted as coachman. Below was written: "Love, conquered by Pride." The second represented the scene of the present day; my ten friends at table, and Aurora placed between her husband and the engraver, who she had just refused, smiling complacently upon both.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.
The church of the future, which is to be built upon the ruins of the old, will be a temple of peace and love, where the people will be united in a common faith, and where the spirit of the Lord will dwell in the hearts of all men.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.
The church of the future, which is to be built upon the ruins of the old, will be a temple of peace and love, where the people will be united in a common faith, and where the spirit of the Lord will dwell in the hearts of all men.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.
The church of the future, which is to be built upon the ruins of the old, will be a temple of peace and love, where the people will be united in a common faith, and where the spirit of the Lord will dwell in the hearts of all men.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.
The church of the future, which is to be built upon the ruins of the old, will be a temple of peace and love, where the people will be united in a common faith, and where the spirit of the Lord will dwell in the hearts of all men.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.
The church of the future, which is to be built upon the ruins of the old, will be a temple of peace and love, where the people will be united in a common faith, and where the spirit of the Lord will dwell in the hearts of all men.

THE CHURCH OF THE FUTURE.
The church of the future, which is to be built upon the ruins of the old, will be a temple of peace and love, where the people will be united in a common faith, and where the spirit of the Lord will dwell in the hearts of all men.